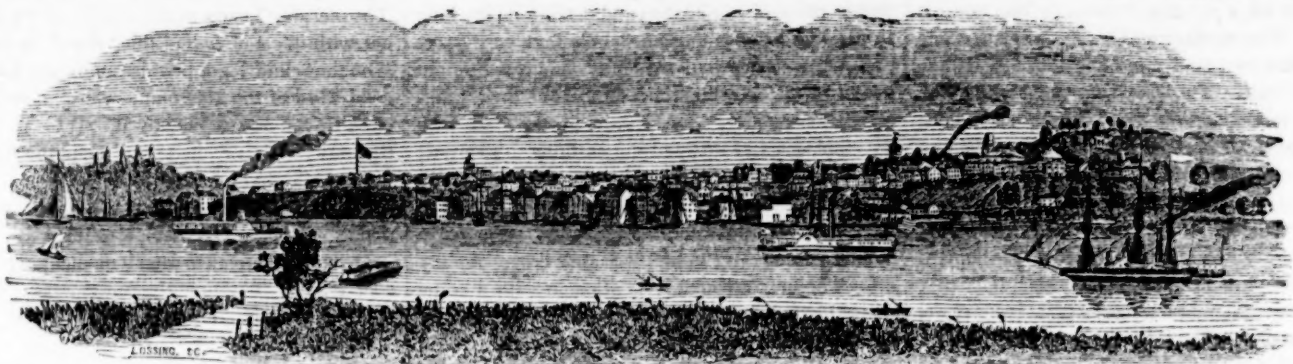


RURAL REPOSITORY.



ONE DOLLAR A YEAR,

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

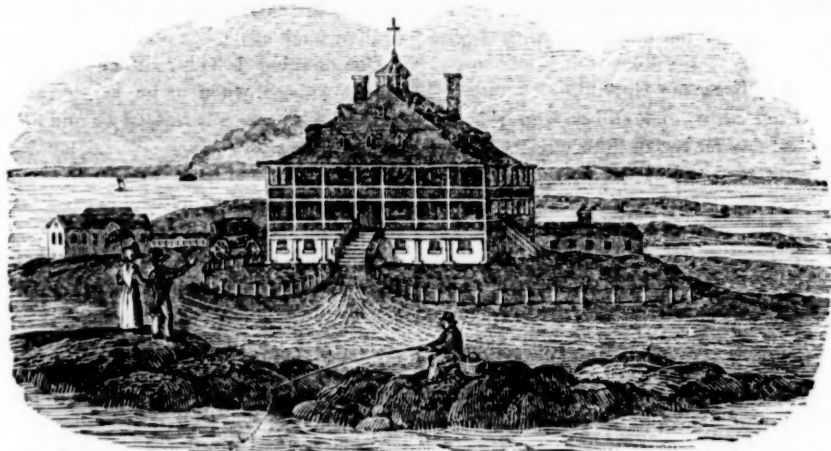
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME XXI.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1845.

NUMBER 18.

NAHANT HOTEL, LONG BEACH, LYNN, MASS.



"NAHANT is a peninsula on the south of Lynn. In the beauty and sublimity of its scenery, combined with its peculiar advantages of health and pleasure, it is not surpassed by any place on the coast of America. It consists of two, elevated, rock-engirdled islands, called Great and Little Nahants, united together by a beach, half a mile in length, and connected to the main land by another beach, one mile and a half in length. From the center of the town, the Long beach projects directly into the sea, and is washed by the waves of the great ocean on the eastern side, and on the western by the waters of the harbor. It is a gently curving bar, of fine, silvery, gray sand, rising so high in the center as generally to prevent the waves from passing over it, and almost imperceptibly sloping to the water on each side. It is unbroken by land, or rock, or shrub, for its whole extent, and the broad ridge of dry sand, which passes through its center, is interspersed with shells, and pebbles, and fragments of coral and other substances, which the storms have cast upon it, among which the white gull lays her spotted eggs, in little cavities scooped in the sand, and soaring overhead, startles the traveler by her shrilling shriek. The portion of the beach which is left by the tide, is broad enough for fifty carriages to pass abreast, and presents a perfectly smooth surface of pure, fine sand, beaten hard and polished by the constant breaking of the waves, on which the horse's hoof leaves no print, and the wheel passes, without

sound or trace, like a velvet roller on marble. The hard sand frequently retains sufficient water, for an hour after the tide has left it, to give it the appearance of glass, in which objects are reflected as in a mirror.

"Little Nahant is a hill, consisting of two graceful elevations, rising eighty feet above the sea, and defended by battlements of rock, from twenty to sixty feet in height. It is about half a mile in length, and contains forty-two acres, seventeen of which are in good cultivation. * * * * The outer portion of the peninsula, called Great Nahant is about two miles in length, and in some parts half a mile broad, containing four hundred and sixty-three acres. The surface is uneven, rising into elevations, from forty to one hundred feet above the level of the sea. The shores are extremely irregular, being composed, in many places of huge precipitous rocks, in some places resembling iron, rising from twenty to sixty feet above the tide, with a great depth of water below; and in others, stretching out into beautiful beaches, or curving into delightful recesses and coves, filled with pebbles, of every variety of form and color, from burning red to stainless white.

The whole outline presents the most agreeable interchange of scenery from the low beach, that glistens beneath the thin edge of the wave, to lofty precipices, and majestic cliffs that rise,

Like moonlight battlements, and towers decayed by time.

"Nahant is much visited by persons for the improvement of health, and by parties of pleasure, from the neighboring towns, for whom it furnishes every accommodation. Two steamboats are constantly running from Boston during the pleasant season but a ride by land over the beaches, is much more delightful. A spacious and elegant hotel has been erected of stone, near the eastern extremity. It contains nearly a hundred rooms, and is surrounded by a double piazza, commanding the most delightful prospects. Several other hotels and boarding-houses are situated in the village, and about twenty beautiful cottages, the summer residence of gentlemen of fortune are scattered over the peninsula. There is also a neat stone building erected for a chapel, which serves for a library and school-room."—*Lewis' Hist. of Lynn.*

TALES.

[This Diary will be introduced by two or three chapters descriptive of extraordinary events that preceded its coming into the author's possession.]

From the Uncle Sam.

THE DIARY OF A HACKNEY COACHMAN.

From a MS. written by himself.

Edited by PROFESSOR INGRAHAM, author of "The Quadrant," "La Fille," "The Dancing Feather," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

The nook.—The coach stand.—The Hackney Coachman.—The last call, and the mysterious result.

OPPOSITE my window is a small paved nook just large enough to hold a coach with a pair of horses harnessed to it. It is overshadowed by a large elm, and a pump with a trough beneath it is close at hand. A better "stand" for a hackney coach, especially as the street is much traversed and central in its position, could not be found in town. This advantage did not long escape the eye of one of the fraternity of "Hackmen;" and one morning on throwing open my blinds I saw that "the nook" was occupied by a carriage. For what purpose but for this, the opening had been left, I could never guess; and having in my mind's eye appropriated it to this very end which I now saw it had attained to, I was not a little gratified at this fulfillment of the destiny I had mentally designed for it. It seemed to be the only unappropriated spot of ground in Boston; and I had been not a little surprised to find it go from day to day unimproved. When, therefore, I saw the hack quietly standing

there on opening my window in the morning, I mentally bore tribute to the penetration of the owner and at once felt a peculiar interest in him and his equipage. The carriage was a very handsome one with a dark brown body and hubs and door handle of polished brass. The box was covered with a rich blue hammer-cloth, fringed and ample in its folds; the foot board was sheathed with a shining piece of oil-cloth, and the leather of the carriage was new and well oiled and blackened. The horses were fine bays, with well-kept bodies, and resembling more a span belonging to a private gentleman, than to a hackman. The coach, also, had that air of gentility that characterizes a private carriage. But the number (288) placed beneath the door plainly showed that it was a public coach; otherwise I should have had no hesitation in setting it down as a private equipage. The harness was shining and new, and glittering with brass plate, and on the blinders was the ornament of a stag's head. The same device was neatly painted upon the door pannel. In England, seeing this heraldic crest, I should without a doubt have set the coach to the ownership of a baronet; but as I knew in our free country we republicans made free to make free with any shields and arms that suits our fancy, for coach panels, it did not mislead me.

The coach and horses having undergone my scrutiny I looked at the coachman. He was seated in the open door of his carriage with his feet upon the carpeted steps reading the morning paper. His broad-brimmed white hat hid his face as I looked down upon him; but I could see that he was well dressed and inclined to corpulency, as all coachman should be, for a carriage rolls along easier with solid weight upon the box. After he had read the news he got up and taking off his hat placed the penny paper in the top of it. In the act he exposed a large well shaped head thickly covered with brown curly hair, and a healthy florid countenance, expressive of intelligence and good humor. A kindly face such as at first glance takes our confidence. He wore a red velvet waistcoat, double-breasted and thickly set with small gilt bell buttons, and in his sky blue cravat was stuck a large paste pin. He took a silver watch from his fob to look at the hour, and then fastening the check reins of his horses, he mounted to his box, and drove up the street at a round pace evidently to fulfil some appointment.

I was not a little gratified to find the nook had thus been taken possession of. An empty space opposite the window of an invalid is always annoying. If he is at all nervous, he peoples it with all sorts of things. It becomes a theatre in which all the phantasies of his imagination play their parts. I had something now to occupy my attention, besides blank walls. There was something to do in watching the carriage and the man; in seeing him start off and watching for his return; in conjecturing where and for what purpose he has been called away. In a word the appearance of the smart hackney coach in my neighbourhood drew my mind and thoughts from myself, and from the day of its appearance I began to recover from a painful nervous disorder which had for several weeks afflicted me.

The driver seemed to have a great deal of business. His coach was going and coming constantly. This was owing to the neat appearance of his equipage and his own neatness and affable manner.—Every morning at sunrise he would be at his stand, and at sundown leave it for the last time, not to return till the next morning.

I used to amuse myself in watching those who came to the stand to employ him. Once I saw a young married couple stop and get into it, the lady in tears and the young husband's face very grave and stern. They had evidently had a falling out in the street and taken coach to have their quarrel out less publicly; for he drew up the glass with an emphasis and dropped the curtains. The next that I saw call for it was a lady very elegantly dressed in half mourning. She was hurried and in earnest as she spoke to the coachman. She got in hastily; he sprang to his box and drove rapidly off. The next moment a gentleman with a crape round his hat and a parasol under his arm ran by and pursued the carriage. One day the driver himself made a wearied old lady who was passing and who seemed with difficulty to get along, get in to his coach, when he mounted to his seat and drove her home. This kind act made me the hackman's friend at once, though I was already greatly prepossessed in his favor. I had now got well enough to ride out, and one morning about three weeks after he had come upon the "stand," I sent over for him to see him in my room. He came up stairs ushered by the servant and on entering my chamber took off his broad hat and bowed with a good deal of grace.

"You wished to see me, sir?"

"Yes. I am an invalid, and wish to ride out every pleasant day for two or three weeks. Can I command your carriage at the hour of ten every morning?"

"Yes, sir," he answered with a bow of satisfaction.

"I shall want to ride an hour each day!"

"Yes, sir."

"Your carriage seems to be a very fine one!"

"It is liked by those who have rode in it."

"Your horses are spirited and you appear to take very good care of them!"

"I have need to do so, sir. They are my only means of getting a living!"

"You seem to have custom enough!"

"Yes, sir. I can't complain. Since I have been on this stand and had my new turn out, I have been pretty busy. Customers, I see always like a showy turn out!"

"Have you been long driving?"

"About four years, sir."

"You seem to be an educated man and to have followed a better employment."

"This is a good one, sir. I don't find fault with it. I have been in worse business. I was clerk in the Custom House once, but lost my situation in change of masters; and had to put my hand to any thing that was reputable. I could have kept a hotel bar, or perhaps been chosen constable, but I am a temperance man and don't like to sell fire-water to burn up the souls and bodies of my fellow men; and I have some repugnance to serving writs on poor debtors. I shouldn't sleep sound after having put a fellow-man in jail."

"I commend your humanity," I said.—"To be a constable a man must steel his heart against human misery. If he is a kind man in the outset, he will soon learn indifference to the woes of others. It is heart-hardening, soul-destroying business, and you did well to escape it."

"I think so, sir. Well, for want of something better I offered myself to a stable-keeper as a driver for one of his hacks; and now, sir, I have got to own a hack and a pair of horses for myself!"

"This fine 'turn-out' then really belongs to you!"

"Yes, sir. I have paid for it to the snapper on my whip lash. I have only owned it three weeks. The morning I came to this stand was my first turn-out with it. I have had this 'stand' in my eye for sometime, and I got permission of one through the good word of the alderman, whose family I had often driven out, to occupy it. Will you ride out this morning, sir?" he asked me in the full manly tone which characterised him.

"Yes, I will be ready at ten. Are you married?"

He blushed and then after a moment replied, with a smile,

"Not yet, sir. I expect to be in a few days!"

"I wish you joy!"

"Thank you, sir. I feel very sure of being perfectly happy!"

With these words of hope the handsome hackney coachman, who was under thirty years of age, left me and crossed the street to his carriage.

I rode out with him daily, for a fortnight. I found him not only a careful driver but an intelligent guide. There was not a place of interest in or about Boston that he was ignorant of, and which he did not stop his carriage to speak to me through the window back of his box and point out to me.

One morning I had returned from a visit to Mount Auburn, when as he assisted me to alight he said, with an embarrassed air and a flush that told half the story.

"Sir, if you will be so kind as to excuse me tomorrow. I shall have a friend in my place to drive you out for the next two days!"

"Certainly. I wish you much happiness," I said significantly.

"You have guessed it, sir. I am going to be married in the morning and shall take a little trip down into the country for a day or two."

"Where shall you live when you return?"

"With my wife's mother. She has a small, neat house in Bedford street, and as it is all furnished and Betsy is her only daughter, why I have promised to live with her; but I shall keep up the house you know, sir, just as if I was at house-keeping. I wouldn't have you suppose I would live on my wife's mother!"

"I should not suspect such a thing of you, George," said I in a tone that fully satisfied his pride. I then shook hands with him and wishing him and his bride "good luck," entered the house.

With a happy face he sprang to his seat and drove off at a fast trot. Little did I think that this was the last time I should see him alive! that the next morning I should gaze upon his blood sprinkled corpse!

"I will now record the particulars of the tragedy as far as I could obtain them.—It seems after he had driven from my door he proceeded to the Tremont House, where he took in two persons, who were evidently foreigners. One of them came out of the Hotel, the other came to the coach on the side-walk. That the carriage then went out of town with them to Mount Auburn, and in by the Monument. George left them at the Tremont and then drove to the stables where he put up his horses. Here he said he should leave them to rest till the next morning, and through the next day as it was to be his wedding day. He seemed to be sad and thoughtful; and the buoyancy which had characterized him had disappeared. He then proceeded to spend the evening with his bride elect. He was here at intervals sad and depressed, and although he made efforts to throw off the weight upon his

spirits when he saw it was observed, he was not quite successful in doing it.

He lodged in the chamber of a dwelling adjoining the stable, and on his return found two of his fellow-hackmen awaiting his return.

"We want you to go and sup with us, George," said they "It is your last night of liberty, and you must give it to old friends!"

"It is rather late, being after ten, and I don't feel well to-night, my good friends," he said in reply. "I thank you, but beg you will excuse me!"

"Why you look as sorrowful as if you were going to be hanged to-morrow instead of married! Bless us, don't be frightened, man! It is soon over I'm told!"

"There is something heavy on my mind, my friends," said George sadly, "I have felt it several hours. I have tried in vain to shake it off. My heart feels like lead!"

"Oh, man, it is nothing but too much joy. I am told that it breaks the heart sometimes! Cheer up. You'll feel better to-morrow!"

"To-morrow! To-morrow!" he slowly repeated with an absent manner. "To-morrow is no man's living!"

"You are gloomy, George!"

"What has Betsy done or said?"

He did not seem to hear them. They gazed upon his pale face and fixed eyes with surprise and alarm.

"If you knew—but no! It is nothing! I have no reason, perhaps, but I cannot help feeling as I do. If any thing should happen to me!"—

"Poh, George!"

"Listen to me, both of you! If any thing should happen to me, you will find under the left pocket of the coach a secret pocket in which is a paper. It bequeaths all I am worth to—Betsy!"

His voice trembled and he was agitated as he spoke. They tried, as they said, to laugh him out of his notions; but without success; and bidding him good night they left him. He grasped their hands with painful force and took leave of them as if they were parting for a long period.

The hostler, who gives the next account of him, says that a few minutes after the two left George, a person arrived at the stable and said he wanted a carriage. "I was going to give him 280, knowing George didn't want his horses to go out, and had called up the driver, when he said he must have 288. George heard him and came down, and told me to have his horses put in. I thought there was something very strange in the sound of his voice. He said nothing to the man, who was a foreigner by his tones, and who stood by wrapped in a cloak while we put the horses in. He got in and the door was shut and George mounted to his box. I noticed he had not said a word to the stranger and that he had got to his seat without asking him or being told where to drive to. Says I as he was starting out.

"Do you know where he wants to go?"

"He knows very well," said the face inside in a deep voice.

I saw George's face was as white as a sheet as the stable lamp in the gate-way shone upon him as he passed underneath and he looked at me with a glare of his eye that made me feel bad all night.—Well, I shut the gates and laid down on my cot in the office, expecting to be called by George before it was time to shut up for good. But I lay till day-break and heard nothing of the coach or of him until hearing a noise of voices outside I unbared

the gate, when there stood the carriage and horses white with foam and the dead body of George across the box, and the people gathering round it!"

To this testimony we add what more we were able to gather touching this extraordinary event. The carriage had passed over Cambridge bridge at eleven o'clock, and the toll-man said that George had paid him the toll. Nothing further could be traced of the coach until just before dawn, when a watchman heard a carriage dashing along the Roxbury avenue into town. As it passed him he saw the driver reeling upon his box, and he supposed him intoxicated as well as from the furious rate at which the horses went. Another watchman saw the carriage pass the foot of Elliot street at the same fearful rate at first without a driver as he supposed, but as he passed him he saw him lying across the foot-board. Before he could make any effort to check the horses the carriage was out of sight.

The next that was seen was the carriage standing at the gate of the stable where the horses had stopped, and the body of George, the Hackman, hanging across the seat, bathed in blood.

CHAPTER II.

The excitement following the mysterious assassination.—A visit to the corpse.—The funeral procession.—The effort to trace the perpetrators.—Visit the stable.—A new plan suggested.—Visit to the betrothed.

The first intimation I received of the dreadful fate which had befallen George was from the hackman whom he had spoken to, to supply his place and drive me out at ten o'clock. At the hour appointed his carriage drove up to the door and he alighted and leaving his horses came up stairs. His face was full of the painful intelligence he had to communicate.

"Have you heard the dreadful news, sir?" he asked as he came into my sitting room.

"I heard the servants talking about some rumor that had reached their ears of a man's being murdered last night not far off."

"It is true, sir. That man was George!" he said with deep emotion.

"George the Hackman?" I repeated with incredulous astonishment.

"Yes, sir. He was foully murdered last night or early this morning. His horses came to the stable bringing his body upon the box!"

I stood for a moment petrified. I could hardly credit the man's words! The day before he had left me so happy and full of hope. And this was the morning on which he was to have been married.

"Are you not mistaken?" I asked with scarcely hope.

"No, sir. I saw the body myself. He was wounded in the breast three times with a knife and once in the hand. It was the deed of some foul assassin."

He then related to me many of the particulars already given. I felt deeply grieved at this melancholly event.

"He was to have been married too, to-day sir," said the man brushing a tear from his cheek.

"I know this was to have been his wedding-day. Poor George! Where is the body?"

"It is laid in his room. The coroner has just held his inquest."

"What was it?"

"That he came to his death from violence at the hands of some person or persons unknown!"

"Drive me there! I would see the body and learn further about this painful event! Is there no suspicion of any one?"

"No, sir. We never knew that George had an enemy."

"It was very singular he should have been called upon at so late an hour, and that he should have gone on the eve of his marriage!"

"That is what we all said, sir; and especially as he told Frank the hostler, when he came in at dark that he was going to give his horses a whole day's rest in honor of his wedding. It is very strange, sir!"

"Did the hostler know the stranger who came for the carriage? Had he ever seen him before?"

"No, sir. He was a perfect stranger to him."

"It is very extraordinary."

"It is indeed, sir."

"I am now ready to ride with you."

"I am at your service, sir. I felt so bad about poor George that I didn't much feel like coming to drive you out; but as it was his last request and as I knew you would like to hear about it, I thought I'd drive up!"

"I am glad you did. Let us at once go to his house!"

On reaching the narrow street that turned down towards the stables, I saw from the carriage windows a great concourse of people assembled, and all were evidently greatly shocked and excited by the dreadful scene that had transpired. With some difficulty the coachman made his way through the mass and drew up before the stable door. In a block of two story brick dwellings adjoining these was the house in which poor George had lodged. The window of his humble apartment overlooked the stable-yard. The yard and the street was filled with people gazing up at the open window, through which the body could be seen laid out upon the table. There were persons in the room with it, and I could see one or two female forms moving backward and forward; and above the deep voices of the multitude came distinctly to my ears the low distressing wail of woman's heart-rendering tones. I thought of the young wife elect of the murdered young coachman, and my heart bled for her woes!

By the efforts of the man who had driven me I succeeded in getting into the house. I ascended the stairs to the room. It was a long apartment with a low ceiling, and plainly furnished. The centre of the room was occupied by a table on which was stretched the body. By the side sat a young woman of two and twenty clasping one of its cold hands in hers and her head resting upon his silent breast. Her hair was dishevelled and her countenance was wild with the great grief that had nearly shattered her brain. She wept and moaned pitifully and bathed his hand with tears; and then would press his lifeless lips and call wildly on his name. It was a sight too painful and moving to witness! I turned away and wept. It was no time for consolation! Who had words that at such an hour could tranquilize the heart of the bereaved. Tears and the full indulgence of her grief could only bring alleviation and ultimate resignation. I knew that it was the betrothed wife who thus sorrowed, and I therefore made no inquiry. Near her sat a matron, who was her mother! Three or four men were in the room—friends of the deceased. I spoke to one of them who seemed the director. He could tell me no more than what I had already heard. Beyond that all was impenetrable mystery.

"But we shall find it out, sir," he said firmly.

"I trust you will. He was a man to be loved and I doubt not had many friends who will in-

terest themselves to unravel this affair. The police will doubtless do every thing. There is his carriage in the yard, the object of the most intense curiosity. Is that blood I see upon the hammer-cloth and foot-board?"

"Yes. It is left there that the public may see how foully he was murdered upon his box, in the discharge of his duty."

"How was the body laying when discovered?"

"Sank down upon the foot board with the head and one arm hanging over to the right side the reins grasped in his left hand. He was perfectly dead when we took him down. I keep the stable here, sir, and was one of the first called up to see him after the horses stopped of their own accord before the gate. It's a strange circumstance, sir!"

"It is indeed. Suspicion must rest upon the man that he drove out at that late hour!"

"He is no doubt at the bottom of it, in some way; but no body knows who it was!"

"He must be discovered. Providence never permits such deeds to be hid!"

"There is not a hackman in Boston that will rest until the assassin is discovered. The Police are already on the start, and I am told blood has been seen on the stones as far out as the neck. It would seem that he was stabbed on his box and that he then freed himself perhaps by whipping up his horses, and so drove into town, but fell dead before reaching the stable. But who could have done it?"

"And what could be the motive?" I asked.

The man shook his head. Seeing that the young woman had released the hand of the corpse and buried her face in her shawl, I softly approached the table where he lay stretched stark and cold. He still wore his shirt and vest which were dyed in gore. The wounds I looked at. They were deep and narrow gashes like wounds from a stiletto. The instrument must have been very sharp and slender. It had also penetrated the palm of his right hand and came out at the back of it. He had plainly struggled hard for his life! I then looked upon his face. The lips were sternly compressed and the eye set with determined energy. He had plainly had a severe contest before he received his death wound, the spirit of which was still in death stamped upon his visage.—The lips that should have told the tale of wrong and blood were sealed forever!—Poor George! It was a sad spectacle, and I turned away with a crushed heart.

The stable-keeper further told me as I walked to the window that George's whip was found on the road near the Roxbury line broken, thus furnishing additional evidence of his having defended himself to the last.

The house of mourning, though healthy in its influences upon the heart, is a painful place. I did not linger long.—When I left, the widowed betrothed was seated as when I entered at the head of the corpse buried in her deep grief. As I rode homeward I could not but let my thoughts dwell upon the mystery enveloping the death of this young man.—It seemed to me impenetrable. That the person he had driven out at that late hour was the author of the deed I could not but believe. But what could be his motive? What object could he have had in view? George was not robbed; his pocket book and the papers it contained with a small sum of money, and his silver watch remained on his person. It was plain it was not robbery that instigated the deed. Jealousy! Could it be jealousy? He was this day to have been married

to a very beautiful young woman. Had the bridegroom a rival? Had jealousy and revenge armed the hand and directed the steel into the heart of the betrothed? I could come to no other conclusion.

The following day the funeral of the murdered man took place. A long procession of hackney coaches composing nearly all that were in the city followed him to the grave. The train of carriages exceeded any that had ever before been witnessed in a funeral cortege. The heads of the horses in the coaches were decorated with crape, and a wreath of crape was wound around the whip handle of every one.

The papers, after the third or fourth day, occupied by the events of a very exciting political campaign, ceased to speak of the murder and gradually it lessened its hold upon the public mind. The Police were still active, but nothing transpired beyond what we have already made known to the reader.

The event, however had made a deep impression upon my mind. I had become attached to the young hackman from his kind and pleasant manners, his intelligence, good sense, and generous disposition. In my daily rides with his successor, the person George had sent to supply his place, I resolved to go over the same ground which I have mentioned as having been ascertained to have been traversed by George's hack on that fatal night. The tollman at Cambridge bridge informed me that he perfectly recollected the carriage and knowing George well, could not be deceived. Said he to me,

"It was eleven, or a minute or two after, for the church clock had just struck, when he came to the gate. You know the moon shone brightly and I could see distinctly. 'Ah, George,' said I, 'you are driving abroad late to night!' His reply was very singular for him, and in a strange tone of voice.

"He must needs go early or late whom the devil drives!"

"I saw that there were two men inside," continued the toll-keeper. "Although it is said but one rode out of the stable, I saw two distinctly."

"Did you see their faces?"

"No. They kept them hid. But I am positive there were two!"

"This is new information. I am not surprised that he was overpowered! And he made you that strange reply?"

"Yes, sir."

"Poor fellow! There was, it would seem, some heavy presentment of coming evil upon his mind. It would seem," thought I to myself, "that he knew the fate that awaited him. It would seem that he felt himself in the power of those whom he was driving!"

I could trace nothing further of the coach until its return into the city by the Roxbury road with the wounded man reeling upon his box, as described by the watchman. This man I saw and conversed with. He said that the carriage was dashing past at full speed and that the driver reeled so fearfully upon his seat that he expected to see him dashed to the ground. He supposed, at the time, that he was intoxicated. He was satisfied that it was the same carriage which had arrived shortly after at the stable door with the dead driver upon it. It was therefore, clearly established that George had rode thus far into town after he had received his death wound. But as his wounds were so severe it was not probable that he could have rode far before he

fell upon the foot board and expired. It was therefore my opinion that the struggle had taken place not a great distance from where the watchman had first seen the carriage furiously advancing; probably in that lonely part of the neck not far from the Roxbury line. I therefore resolved to make inquiries in this neighborhood; but my researches brought to light nothing new. If any struggle had taken place in that vicinity it occurred without arousing the dwellers in the vicinity from their beds.

I again visited the stable. The coach was still there. Neither it or the horses had been used since the night of the mysterious assassination of their owner. They were now the sad inheritance of her who had been so heavily bereaved. The carriage had been thoroughly examined; but nothing had been left by the occupants to lead to any clue to their character.

While looking at the horses, a thought occurred to me.

"Sir, said I to the stable-keeper, the same with whom I had formerly spoken, 'are you willing I should take the carriage and horses and let your man drive out of town. I wish to go by the Cambridge bridge and from that point let them take pretty much their own way. They will naturally follow the road they last took, and stop voluntarily at the place they were driven to. It may lead to something new,' I said.

"This is a good idea, sir, it is the nature of horses to stop at precisely the places they have once been stopped at, if they don't go over the same road again for a year. I will drive them myself, as I think this may lead to something. It is a good thought, sir, and I am glad it occurred to you. But I must ask permission of Miss Waters, whom they belong to. George has left her these and seven hundred dollars in the Saving Bank. If he had only lived and married how nice and comfortable he would have begun the world. Poor fellow! He seemed to think there was something hanging over him! You've heard, sir, how he told his two friends if any thing happened to him, that they would find his will in the secret pocket of his coach! Yet he was so gay and cheerful! Not an enemy in the world!"

"Had he no rival? It is my opinion that he was assassinated by a rival! The occurrence so immediately preceding his intended marriage confirms me in this belief!"

"I have never heard of any one! But it may be so. Indeed, now you have mentioned it, I wonder I did not think of it before. We can settle the matter at once by asking Miss Waters."

"Is she sufficiently tranquil to see persons?"

"Yes. I was at her house yesterday to settle the will and place all George left in her hands. She wept so that she could scarcely speak, when she thought how kind he was to remember her with such affection. She did not seem to want it or care for what he left, except only for the reason that it belonged to George and was his gift. I will go to her house to ask permission to take the horses on this drive, and I will also ask her about a rival. If she had another lover he is the man?"

"With your permission I will go also. I feel a deep interest in this affair, and would like to question her touching what she had perceived of George's gloomy apprehension; and if she can give any account of its cause."

"I was just about to ask you to accompany me. It is a few steps—just round the corner a few doors!"

On reaching the house which was a plain wooden

tenement two stories high and painted yellow, with the entrance up a little court on the side, the man knocked at the door with that low respectful rap with which one applies for admission to the dwelling of the afflicted.

The door was opened by the same matron whom I had seen in the room on the day of George's murder. It was Mrs. Waters. She politely invited us to enter and showed us into a neat but humble parlour. In the window were a few plants, which, as plants always do, evinced the taste and native refinement of the maiden who owned them; and above one of the windows hung a cage containing a canary bird, which had been the gift of the lamented George. On our inquiring for her daughter, Mrs. Waters left the room for the purpose of informing her of our visit.

BI O G R A P H Y.



EDWARD GIBBON.

EDWARD GIBBON, one of the three greatest of English historians, was born in 1737, at Putney; was imperfectly educated at Westminster School, and Magdalen College, Oxford; and finished his studies at Lausanne, under M. Pavillard, a Calvinistic minister. It was, however, his having embraced popery that occasioned his being sent to Lausanne. Pavillard reclaimed him from popery; but, after having vibrated between catholicism and protestantism Gibbon settled into a confirmed sceptic. In 1758 he returned to England, and entered upon the duties of active life. Till the peace of Paris, he was much engaged as an officer of the militia; but during that time, he read extensively, and published in French, an *Essay on the Study of Literature*. More than two years were next spent in visiting France, Switzerland, and Italy; and it was while he sat musing among the ruins of the Capitol, and the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing a history of the decline and fall of the Roman empire, first arose in his mind. Several other historical schemes had previously occupied his attention. Of this great work the first volume appeared in 1776, the second and third in 1781, and the concluding three volumes in 1788. It raised him at once to the summit of literary fame; but its artful attacks on Christianity excited great disgust and indignation, and called forth several antagonists, who unfortunately possessed more of zeal than of discretion. One of them impeached his fidelity as an historian, and thus provoked a reply, which gave the assailant ample cause to repent his rashness. Gibbon had already displayed his controversial powers in his *Critical Observations*, which demolished Warburton's theory respecting the descent of *Aeneas*. In 1774 he became a member of parliament, and, throughout the American war, he gave a silent support to the measures of Lord North: Liskeard Lymington were the places which he represented. A Justificatory Memorial against

France, which he wrote, in French, for the ministers, gained him the place of a lord of trade; which however, he lost when the board was suppressed by Mr. Burke's bill. In 1783 he retired to Lausanne, whence he twice returned to his native country. He died, January 16, 1794, during his last visit to England. His posthumous works were published, in two quarto volumes, by his friend Lord Sheffield.

MISCELLANY.

WHICH WAS THE WISEST.

ON the street of a great city stood two remarkable houses. They were directly opposite. One was remarkable for its great height, and the solemn, quiet air that pervaded it. It seemed to contain an atmosphere of its own. It was inhabited by one man, who never permitted the doors to be open, or the window shutters to be unclosed. The dweller in this sanctuary of insanity was about fifty years of age; but his attenuated figure, stooping and feeble; his wan, furrowed, smileless countenance, and white locks, made him appear at least three score and ten. He was wealthy, but indulged in no luxuries. His food consisted of simple vegetable substances, and his drink was only water. He took little exercise, seldom left his gloomy mansion, and received no visitors. Some called him miserly—others declared he was a criminal penitent—many were the causes attributed to his strange ways; but the common rumor gave sanction to no particular one, and conjecture was wasted and fruitless. People agreed that he was a singular man. He had the means of enjoyment, yet he did not adapt them to legitimate purposes. It was noticed that he wasted his nights in some unaccountable occupation; for in the highest story of his house a light was observed until early morning hours, without intermission. He did not sleep, because he could be seen moving about, dressed precisely as he was by daylight. Gossips exhausted fancy in endeavoring to settle upon some interpretation of this strange conduct. Among those frequently applied to in this matter was the inhabitant of the other remarkable house on the other side of the way.

This was a little—a very little—house. It was only one story high. It had two rooms on the ground floor, and the roof formed the ceiling to those apartments. Five persons lived in this small house and they lived very happily, too. They were a man, his wife, and three children. The man was a cobbler. He worked from the rising to the setting of the sun, with no rest of any account. He ate his dinner in his working clothes, with his fingers besmeared with wax, and redolent by leather. He was entirely happy. He sang, and accompanied his voice with the strokes of his hammer. His wife also sang, and so did his children. The world marvelled at this.

The man was very poor—doomed to continuous toil, poverty staring him in the face; and no provisions made against the assaults of illness.—And yet this old cobbler was happier than his great and wealthy neighbor, the inhabitant of the large mansion on the other side of the street. He looked healthier, too, although the wealthy man had no mouths to feed, or cares of the grossest kind to weigh him down. Notwithstanding this, the cobbler was the strongest and the jolliest looking man. When asked his opinion of the man of mystery, the cobbler always sang the louder, and waxed his

"ends" the fiercer. If pushed for a reply, he would always answer that the gentleman was harmless, and a good citizen, so far as he knew.

These two men and their two houses kept the whole neighborhood in material for a twelve months gossip. At the expiration of a year the gossips had learned nothing. The midnight oil of the mysterious rich man burned as usual, and the hammer and happiness of the cobbler were in as active requisition as ever.

It was a summer evening. The cobbler had abandoned the prosecution of his calling for the night, and while his wife was preparing the children for bed, he sat smoking his pipe at his little window which fronted the street. A feeling of supreme content harbored in the bosom of this worker. There he was, surrounded by a healthy offspring, and blessed with a virtuous help-mate. As he was reflecting upon the blessings of his lot, he saw the door of the great mansion opposite open, and beheld the mysterious man emerge. The man crossed the street and entered the house. The cobbler was startled, but did not lose his self-possession. He civilly asked his visitor to be seated, and requested to know his business. That was simple enough. The stranger only wanted some of his boots renovated, and merely wished to know if the cobbler would call over to his house and get the dilapidated understandings. The cobbler signified his willingness, and agreed to call over the next morning at eleven o'clock. At the appointed hour he went.

Now, there had been so much said of the strange man of wealth, that the cobbler could not forbear an inspection of the large house. Although it was filled with costly furniture and articles of luxury, the working man could not help remarking the cold and comfortless air that pervaded the place. It was tinged with a grave-like quiet. No warmth—no cordiality—no real life could find harbor in such a place, thought the cobbler. He noticed that every thing was arranged with the most scrupulous good order.—The very rays of the sun seemed directed, by some invisible power, to certain corners of the rooms, and in certain angles and right angles. He had not much time to note these matters, for he was directed, by the solitary servant, to go up to the great man's study.

This direction sorely puzzled the cobbler; for he could not fathom the connection between the word *study* and a room. However, he found the apartment and entered. The great man sat at a table covered with papers and books, and writing materials. The walls of the room were covered with books, nothing but books. A set of chemical tools stood in one corner. When the cobbler entered, the great man was reading, and as he gave no answer to two of the cobbler's hearty salutations, the latter personage coolly took a seat in an easy chair, and picked up a large volume filled with plates and reading.

The cobbler had examined every one of the pictures, before the great man's abstraction was broken. At last he spoke—

"My friend, are you reading that book?"

"Why, no sir, I cannot read."

"Cannot read!" exclaimed the other in tones of horror—"is it possible?"

"I suppose you can, sir," said the cobbler.—"You seem to be astonished; but can you make a boot?"

"Why, no."

"You read a good deal, I suppose, sir."

"I do nothing but read. Night and day I en-

deavor to enrich my mind with the contents of the pages of rare books. Vain search, vain search," sighed the student, "at every step I find my doubts increase and my ignorance more painfully demonstrated."

"Ah! that's just it," said the cobbler. "I never would learn to read. It's like drinking. The more you take the more you want, and the more you get, sir, the more unhappy and the weaker in mind and body you become. Look at me, sir. I am happy. According to your own statement you are unhappy. I would not change conditions with you."

The wearied philosopher pressed his temples and looked with a bewildered air, while the cobbler continued:

"I study no books; but I do better—I study nature. That has taught me to do as you do is to covet misery and wretchedness."

The cobbler was dismissed with his boots.

That night the student locked up his study. "If," said he, "ignorance is bliss; if the man who seeks what is termed ignorance is happier than the searcher after wisdom, then is the former the wisest and best man."

A DANGEROUS MAN TO BE AT LARGE.

THERE is a terrible fellow somewhere "Down East," who ought not to be permitted to run loose. He threatens to play the very duce, and break things, in consequence of his faithless *gal*. If he should happen to put his threats into execution, the Lord have mercy upon us! His first threat is,

I'll grasp the loud thunder,
With lightning I'll play,
I'll rend the earth asunder,
And kick it away.

That's attempting considerable for one man—however, if he has a mind to take the responsibility, and pay damages, let him smash away—we are not afraid. He next says:

The rainbow I'll straddle,
And ride to the moon,
Or in the ocean I'll paddle,
In the bowl of a spoon.

That won't hurt any body. Go a-head, old chap—we like to encourage a laudable spirit of adventure.

I'll set fire to the fountain,
And swallow up the rill;
I'll rent up the mountain,
And be hungry still.

Goodness gracious! is there no way to appease his wrath and stay his stomach? Must *we* suffer all this because he and his girl haven't any thing to say to each other at present? No—never! Down with him! down with him! we say.

The rain shall fall upwards,
The smoke tumble down;
I'll dye the grass purple,
And paint the sky brown.

Hear that! a pretty world this would be, truly, with the rain falling up, the smoke tumbling down, the grass dyed purple, and the sky painted brown!—We might as well live in an old boot, with a dirty sole for the earth beneath, and brown paper leather for the heavens above.

The sun I'll put out,
With the whirlwinds play;
Turn day into night,
And sleep it away.

There is no doubt, if he cuts that caper, the sun will feel as much *put out* about it as we shall. We leave it to the whirlwinds to say whether they are to be trifled with or not; and as for his turning day into night, and sleeping it away, we would just as lief he would as not—if he can do it.

I'll flog the young earthquake,
The earth I'll physic,
Volcanoes I'll strangle,
Or choke with the phthisis.

Oh, ho! he dare not clinch in with an old he earthquake, and so he threatens to flog a "young 'un," of the neuter gender! Coward!—why don't you take one of your size?

The moon I'll smother,
With nightmare and wo;
For sport, at each other
The star I will throw.

Serves 'em right—they have no business to be out when they ought to be-abed.

The rocks shall be preachers,
The trees do the singing;
The clouds shall be teachers,
And the comets go speeding.

That's all well enough, except getting the comets upon a spree. We don't like that "pretty well."

I'll tie up the winds
In a bundle together,
And tickle their ribs
With an ostrich feather.

Oh, crackey!—now he does it! We didn't think it lay in the gizzard of mortal man to do half as much.

Really, we think such a desperate and dangerous individual ought to be caught, cast into a spider's web, and safely guarded by one flea, two musquitoes, and a vigilant wood-louse. There is no knowing what the chap *may* do.

A WORSTED TRADESMAN.

AN English paper says that a short time since, a "navy," some six feet three inches in height, and of Herculean build, went into the shop of one of the Worcester shopkeepers, and asked if they had got any "whirlers"—that is, stockings without feet.

"No," quoth the shopkeeper, "but we've got some famous big and strong stockings, as will just suit such a man as you."

"Let's ha'e a look at 'em" rejoined the "navy."

The counter was immediately covered with a quantity. Our Hercules, selecting out the largest pair, said—

"What's the price o' them?"

"4s. 9d.," was the rejoinder.

"Can you cut the feet off of 'em?"

"Oh, certainly," was the answer.

"Then do," was the laconic command.

No sooner said than done. The shears were applied, and instantly the stockings were footless.

"And what's the price on 'em now?" quoth our friend of the pickaxe and spade, with all the composure imaginable.

"Price on 'em now?" echoed the worsted merchant, surprised beyond measure at the absurdity (as he thought) of the question, "why 4s. 9d. to be sure."

"Four shillings and ninepence!" quoth the navy; "I ne'er guv more than 1s. 6d. (putting the latter sum on the counter) for a pair of *whirlers* i' my life."

"Well," replied the tradesman (chop-fallen, and fairly outwitted,) throwing the mutilation at him—"take them and be off with you; you've 'whirled' me this time, but I'll take good care that neither you nor any of your roguish gang shall do it again, as long as I live."

AMUSING INSANE FREAK.

DR. EARLE, of the Bloomingdale Asylum, relates, in the January number of the Journal of Insanity, the following;—An insane lady, in the middle age of life, a peaceable, quiet creature, with a heart overflowing with the "milk of human kindness," occupied a room in the asylum. She had a large

quarto Bible, which, when she was not reading from it, laid upon the table. One morning, I was somewhat surprised at finding her seated in an arm chair, the table in her lap, and the Bible on the floor. Asking her the cause of this new arrangement, she told me that "the table was *so* tired with holding the Bible, that she was *tending* it, for the purpose of giving it some relief." This process was often repeated afterwards, and the benevolence that prompted it soon extended to the bedstead, to which she frequently gave opportunities of "rest" by holding up for hours in succession the corner of the bed, and the superincumbent clothing. This may appear like burlesque of caricature but it is not intended as such; for truly, if ever an act of kindness was induced by the pure spirit of affection, I believe such was the fact with those just related.

BE KIND.

NONE of us know the good a kind deed accomplishes. A word smoothly put in when the heart is sick, a little help bestowed when want presses near by, goes far—far beyond what those suppose who are able to speak this word, or give this help.

An instance, illustrating this, has just come to our knowledge. A young man, intelligent and well educated came to our city to find employment. He sought for it in vain.—When his means were about gone, and he lay half sick with fever, brought on by anxiety; a friend bade him be of good cheer, and through their joint efforts obtained for him a servant's place at a boarding house. He worked there like a brave man, and won the confidence of his employer, though he received only his board, and a few dollars a month.

That friend watched him, and finding him faithful, mentioned the fact to a mercantile gentleman, who said at once, "bring the young man to me." This was done, and soon he was more profitably employed. He was now head clerk. And did he forget his early friend? In the quietest way possible, without the slightest profession or pretension he sought out, as soon as he was able, the choicest and most substantial present and sent it to him as a token of remembered kindness.

When the present was received, our friend knew not from whom it came. He did not once dream of the poor, homeless youth to whom he had shown only a little kindness, and it was not until after repeated enquiries, that he discovered who had sent it. "I have learned a lesson," when he found out the giver, said he, "and that is, *always* to be more kind, if I can be, under similar circumstances hereafter." If it were thus with all of us—how much of human misery should we relieve, and what a sum could we add to the amount of positive individual happiness?—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

SYMPATHY.

"WHEN I was a poor girl," said the British Dutchess of St. Albans, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holydays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a piece something like those pretty little affecting dramas they got up now at our minor theatres, and in my character I represented a poor, friendless orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists on putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies. 'Then I have no hope—I have not a friend

in the world.' 'What! will no one be bail for you to save you from prison?' asks the stern creditor. 'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was my reply. But, just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery springing over the railing, letting himself from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and foot-lights, and placed himself beside me in a moment. 'Yes, you shall have *one* friend, at least, my poor young woman,' said he with the greatest expression in his honest sunburnt countenance. 'I will go bail for you any moment. And as for *you*, (turning to the frightened actor) if you don't bear a hand and shift your mooring, you lubber, it will be worse for you when I come athwart your bows.' Every creature in the house rose; the uproar was perfectly indescribable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from tawny messmates in the gallery, preparatory scrapings of violins in the orchestra, and amidst the universal din, there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me 'the poor distressed young woman,' and breathing defiance and destruction against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager's pretending to arrive to rescue me, with a profusion of theatrical bank notes."

"HE HAS LOST HIS WAY."

THOMAS TRUMPS was the son of parents, who, blinded by their affection suffered him to follow his own unrestrained inclination in the pursuit of pleasure. He early acquired a taste for games of hazard, and spent much of his time in its gratification, when he ought to have been preparing himself for future usefulness. As he grew up, gambling became with him a passion, and the love of the excitement thus produced, held full control of his mind. It became a part of his very existence. Night after night he might be seen, stealthily creeping under the cover of darkness, to the room where his companions in vice were wont to assemble.—His business was neglected, and ruin stared him in the face. For a time he endeavored to preserve the appearance of respectability, but it was the form without the substance. No one but he who tries it, can know how hard it is to keep a good name, where a good character is wanting. The game of deception is difficult to manage, and is seldom successful.

Thomas tried this experiment but it proved a failure. The truth leaked out and he felt himself degraded in the eyes of community. After a few good resolutions which proved too weak to break the chains of his vicious habits, he surrendered himself a hopeless victim to his depraved appetite.

You may now occasionally see this man moodily prowling around filthy grog-shops and other receptacles of the most abandoned of our race. His thread bare and tattered garments still exhibit some evidence of their once better condition. Though often he suffers pinching hunger, he never seeks employment in honest industry. The worst passions of his nature have made an indelible impression on his countenance. The ligaments that bound him to his family and friends, were long ago sundered, and his daily and nightly occupation is a grovelling strife with men like himself, for dishonest gain, which is alike ruinous to the winner and loser.

In early life this miserable wreck enjoyed fair prospects and bright hopes of future happiness. "But he lost his way."

JONAS.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE FERRY-MAN.

A PHILOSOPHER stepped on board a ferry-boat, to cross a stream. On his passage, he inquired of the ferryman if he understood arithmetic. The man looked astonished.

"Arithmetic? No, sir? I never heard of it before."

The philosopher replied, "I am very sorry, for one quarter of your life is gone."

A few minutes after, he asked the ferryman, "Do you know anything of mathematics?"

The boatman smiled, and again replied, "No."

"Well, then," said the philosopher, "another quarter of your life is lost."

A third question was asked the ferryman, "Do you understand astronomy?"

"Oh! no, sir! never heard of such a thing."

"Well, my friend, then another quarter of your life is lost."

Just at this moment, the boat ran on a snag and was sinking, when the ferryman jumped up, pulled off his coat, and asked the philosopher, with great earnestness of manner, "Sir can you swim?"

"No," said the philosopher.

"Well, then," said the ferryman, "*your whole life is lost*, for the boat's going to the bottom."

A VICTIM OF SCIENCE.

A LATE Liverpool paper contains the following laughable account of the result of a recent experiment, made by a loafer, to ascertain the relative strength of different kinds of liquor. The loafer's name, be it understood, was George Cuthbert, and he was found drunk in the street by a policeman and interrogated as to his calling:

"I am a victim to science," answered George, whose answer was delayed by an obstinate hiccup, "but I have at last found it."

"Found what?" demanded the officer.

"Silence! I will tell you. Do you know—and if you do not, you ought to—that during several years I have sought to prove the comparative strength of alcoholic liquids, and that I have just ascertained that whiskey is decidedly the most potent. For instance, and to prove it: I took three glasses of brandy, no effect; three of gin, ditto; three of whiskey, and the result was obtained. I am as you find me. My grandmother often told me I should fall a victim to my appetite—to science—"

"Very well," said the constable, "come with me; you shall finish your researches with the gentlemen of the watch-house."

DR. FRANKLIN ON SPELLING.

DR. FRANKLIN say in one of his letters:—"You need not be concerned in writing to me about bad spelling; for my opinion, what is called bad spelling is generally the best, as conforming to the sound of the letter. To give you an instance, a gentleman received a letter in which were these words: "Not finding Mr. Brown at home I delivered my MESSEGE to his YF." The gentleman called his wife to help him read it. Between them they picked out all but the YF, which they could not understand. The lady proposed calling her chambermaid, "because Betty," said she, "has the best knack of reading bad spelling of any I know." Betty came, and was much surprised that neither of them could tell what the YF was. "Why," said she, "YF spells wife—what else can it spell?" And indeed, it is as much

better, as well as shorter method than DOUBLEYOU, I, F, E, which in reality spells DOUBLEWIFE."

DUELLING.

THE whizzing of rifle balls past the craniums of "men of honor," has a most remarkable effect, we have observed, on their opinions.—One calls another a scoundrel—he is told to recall it. The reply is, can't do it in truth—believes what he said—wishes he may be shot if he don't. They go out, scowling like hyenas, stand up like turkeys at a shooting-match—aim at each other's heads, pull triggers, and—nobody's hurt. The word "scoundrel" is withdrawn, and "gentleman" substituted—both parties look goosey, shake hands and retire. Three is a heap of reason in an ounce of lead, externally applied—as well as poetry in its motion.

A GENTLEMAN fell in love with a young lady named Page. In a ball room, the young lady dropped her glove—instantly he took it up, and his address was in presenting it—

If from glove you take the letter G,
Then glove makes love which I present to thee.

HER ANSWER:

And if from Page you take the letter P,
Then Page makes age, and that won't do for me.

PAY OF A WITNESS.—"Small thanks to you," said a plaintiff to one of his witnesses, "for what you have said in this case." "Ah, sir," said the conscious witness, "but think of what I *didn't* say."

INDUSTRY.—Look to your feet and your fingers, boy, and let both be kept in activity; for he who does nothing is in a fair way to do mischief. An idle lad makes a needy man; and it may add, a very miserable one, too.

ONE TONGUE POLICY.—A matronly lady being asked why she did not learn the French language, replied that one tongue was sufficient for a woman.

Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

Miss M. W. Flint Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; Miss J. Y. Flint Creek, N. Y. \$1.00; J. W. C. South Egremont, Me. \$1.00; O. B. S. Castleton, Mich. \$1.00.



In Albany, on the 13th inst. by the Rev. B. B. Bunker of Hudson, Mr. Cornelius Brooks, to Miss Charlotte R. Ball, all of Albany.

In Hillsdale, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. M. L. Fuller, Mr. Daniel M. Johns, to Miss Pluma F. Brice, both of Copake.



In this city, on the 10th inst. Martha Bailey, in the 22th year of her age.

On the 11th inst. Margaret Hardwick, in the 32th year of her age.

On board the Swallow, on the 7th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Coffin, of West Troy, and sister of the late Reuben Moores, Esq. of this city, in the 75th year of her age.

On board the Swallow, on the 7th inst. Louisa, wife of Mr. George Coffin, of West Troy.

On the 14th inst. Oliver Smith, in his 25th year.

On the 22d inst. Catherine Jacobina, in the 26th year of her age, daughter of Philip Jacobina.

In Pittsfield, Mass. on the 2d inst. Mrs. Bernice McKinstry, widow of the late Gen. Charles McKinstry, of Hillsdale, N. Y. in the 76 year of her age.

In Hillsdale, on the 17th inst. Sally wife of Augustus Tremaine, Esq. in the 65th year of her age.

In Newark, N. J. on the 18th inst. Henry A. Ten Broeck, (late Merchant of the City of New-York) aged 58 years.

In Claverack, January 30th, Phebe Ann, wife of Mr. Albert West Fall, and daughter of Mr. James Jones, aged 27 years.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

The following lines were composed on reading the loss of the Swallow on the Hudson River.

BY MRS. M. L. GARDINER.

Bow down your heads ye everlasting rocks,
And let your granite hearts go up to heaven
In wailings for the young and beautiful.
Ye everlasting hills bow down and weep,
Let dew drops falling on your towering heights
Remain congealed in chrystalized tears,
Which nature on her bosom sheds for man.
Ye turbid waters as ye rush along,
Flow gently o'er the consecrated spot,
Where youth, and beauty, infancy and age,
In one sad hour, forever bade adieu
To this bright world and all its pleasing charms,
To all the dear delights of household ties,
To father, mother, brothers, sisters, home!
Moan winds of evening o'er the sleeping dead,
Moan thro' the dark deep caverns where they lie,
On coral beds amid the sea flowers green,
Whitening and bleaching in the depths below,
Where Naiads come with their wild-stringed harps,
Dance 'round their forms, and braid their flowing hair,
Those long loose curls washed 'round their necks of snow,
Which love had twined with pride in happier days,
And dressed with roses for a gala hour.
Majestic river! long indeed thy waves,
Will rise, and roll, and softly kiss the shore,
Long thy dear eddies ripple, curl, and break,
In wild cascades and foaming fountains bright,
Throwing around, without the aid of art,
Their sparkling jets to charm th' admiring eye,
Ere from the mind the gloomy scene will pass,
The Swallow's song will come at twilight's hour,
And long and low the solemn dirge will be,
Of buried hopes, of bliss forever flown!
Oh God! when thought goes back to that bright hour,
When joyous spirits paced the fated deck,
As o'er the blue wave with a tireless speed,
The Swallow skimmed, like to a winged bird,
Presents the cabin with its cheerful light,
Where young sweet mothers rocked their infant babes,
Lulled in their arms to silent soft repose,
And laid to rest, embalmed by fervent prayer,
Their moist lips sealed by woman's holiest kiss,
List to the shock, like sparks from smitten steel,
Electric, powerful, like a prophet's voice,
As the loud cry of agony arose
O'er the tall headlands, like a nation's wail,
When freedom shrieking—takes her last farewell.
Moan ye green waters when the moon rides high,
When stars like pearls circle her radiant brow,
Moan, when the mists curl in fantastic shapes,
And gorgeous hues float o'er the western main;
Moan, when the midnight hour with awe profound,
Strikes in deep tones the sad funeral knell,
Over the doomed spot where young hearts burst—
Where jewelled hands were clasped in wild despair,
As all of life receded from their view!
Where vows as pure as angels, just were pledged—
Just lit, the altar of domestic bliss,
To sink 'mid darkness in the chilling flood,
The deep green waves the bridal sheets, and shroud,
The icy snow flakes falling thick and fast
Kisses, in that eventful hour of woe,
From false cold lips fraught with the night shade's breath.
Weep oh my country! let one general sigh
Go up from hearts hove by one general pulse,
One general groan, which speaks that man is one,
"Has one great heart, that feels athwart the sea
Gigantic throbs for others rights and wrongs.—"
Lay tears, hot tears upon our Nation's shrine,
For those whose hopes were like the morning flower
Cut down at evening by the blast of death,
Let them arise an offering to appease
A frowning heaven, and an avenging God.
Sag Harbor, L. I. April 19, 1845.

For the Rural Repository.

ON THE LOSS OF THE STEAM-BOAT SWALLOW,
In Athens' Channel, evening 7th April.

DREAR, black, and dismal, was the night;
Chill the rain and snow was falling;
No star, nor moon gave forth their light,
And harshly the blast was moaning!

I strayed o'er Hudson's rocky shore,
And heard the waves dash to the strand;
I mused amid the loud wind's roar—
Majestic scenes on every hand.

Piles of clouds arose to heaven:
Below me rushed the flowing river;
Lightning flashed—'twas late at even;
Hark! what cry comes o'er the water!

A gleam shines dimly through the night;
Again that loud and fearful cry!
Now gather crowds in wild affright—
That fatal Rock!—destruction nigh!

Ill fated Boat! thy Pilot's skill
In vain would guide thee safely on!
She's broke in twain!—now all is still!
For life they strive 'round yonder stone!

Some leap insane into the deep!
Some cling unto the remnant wreck;
Some cry for help; some mournful weep;
Some aim to reach the "Island Rock!"

Great is the struggle strong for life!
Yet some there were cared not for self;
Those saved the children and the wife,
While the others saved the golden pelf!

One rustic venerable form,
Whose daughter had shed tears to go,
But went not;—strove to save from harm—
Rejoiced her absence, 'mid the woe!

Men's feelings 'mid this awful scene
Taught them the weaker to protect;
The steady arm, the brow serene,
Would not fair woman harsh neglect.

The name of Crittenden will give
A lustre to this mournful strain;
His ready hand bade hundreds live—
Nor Hitchcock strove that night in vain!

They felt the ardor all should feel,
When man needs help from brother man;
Though for the lost the sigh must steal,
Yet these in danger led the van.

Innumerable heroic ones,
In acts of gallantry unung,
Proved they were Columbia's sons,
Who from as dauntless fathers sprung.

Those who for dangers never care,
Provided that the cause be right!
Proudly saved many sufferers there,
Amid the horrors of that night!

Far upon the waters floating,
Some clinging to settees were found,
The stormy waves feebly buffeting,
Amid the crowds of dying 'round.

Ah luckless pilot! hadst thou kept—
The deep channel of the River,
Those in that cabin might have slept—
But now their sleep it is forever!

Sad muse, thy wings are clad in black;
Thy mournful face is pale with weeping!
Thou heardest their wails on yonder wreck,
While o'er them cold waves were sweeping!

The mother and the child were there;
The delicate, the old, the gay;
The boy with cherub cheek so fair—
Of these pale death selects his prey!

And there were those who thought of home—
Home with its many comforts there;
With yearning wish these met their doom,
Thinking of wife and children dear!

Fond lovers' ties were torn apart—
Hopes nursed for many a day;
Yes torn those ties that bind the heart,
Thinking of one all for away!

Many there were with stores of wealth—
Had realized the "golden plum;"

And he who'd gone in search of health;
All these they met one watery doom!
When ranged upon the deck the dead—
The wife, the sister, brother, child;—
When recognized, what tears were shed,
Embracing these—what feelings wild!

Great God! mysterious art thou!
And we in vain oppose thy might!
Before thee every knee must bow—
And all must own thy deeds are right!

The fair are thine, the good also;
The strong, the weak, the proud;
Thou fill'st our cup of joy with woe,
And unto pride thou giv'st a shroud!

Dread "Rock!" thou'lt long remembered be;
In years to come be visited!
Pilots in future shall pass thee
With care—dark tombstone of the dead!

Hudson, April 19, 1845.

R. B. D.

For the Rural Repository.

ACROSTIC.

ARTHUR DE VERE, from the point of thy quill
Ripples sweet music like rain from the bill;
Then sweetly and smoothly let it flow on—
Here are those that relish thy songs;
Unlock to our hearts that casket of thine,
Replete with the roses and jewels of rhyme.
Delighted are we with the wing of thy muse—
Ever blithesome and tireless her flight she pursues;
Vases she brings with sweet odors fraught,
Expressed from the roses and blossoms of thought—
Rejoicing our eyes with the choicest of things,
Embellished with beauty dropped from her wings.

Bolivar, N. Y. 1845.

E. C. P.

The oldest Literary Paper in the United States.

RURAL REPOSITORY,

Vol. 21, Commencing Aug. 31, 1844.

EACH NUMBER EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS.

Price \$1—Clubs from 50 to 75 Cents.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be devoted to Polite Literature; containing Moral and Sentimental Tales, Original Communications, Biography, Traveling Sketches, Amusing Miscellany, Humorous and Historical Anecdotes, Poetry, &c. The first Number of the Twenty-First Volume of the Rural Repository will be issued on Saturday the 31st of August, 1844.

The "Rural Repository" is a neat and elegant semi-monthly Periodical, published in the City of Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. and which we believe is the oldest literary paper in the United States; and while it has made no very great pretensions to public favor, it is far better than those publications who boast long and loud of their claims to public patronage. Amid the fluctuations of the world, and the ups and downs of the periodical press, for nearly a score of years this little miscellany has pursued "the even tenor of its way," scattering its sweets around, and increasing in interest and popularity, and our readers will, of course, infer, that if it had no merit it would have shuffled off this mortal coil "long time ago."

CONDITIONS.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY will be published every other Saturday, in the Quarto form, containing twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume, making in the whole 208 pages. One or more engravings, and also a portrait of some distinguished person, will embellish each number; consequently it will be one of the neatest, cheapest, and best literary papers in the country.

TERMS.

ONE DOLLAR per annum, invariably in advance. We have a few copies of the 11th, 12th, 13th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th and 20th volumes, and any one sending for the 21st volume, can have as many copies of either of the volumes as they wish, at the same rate.

Clubs! Clubs!! Clubs!!!

All those who will send us the following amounts in oneremittance, shall receive as stated below, viz:

FIFTY	Copies for \$25.00	Twenty	Copies for \$13.00
Forty	do. \$22.00	Fifteen	do. \$10.00
Thirty-Five	do. \$20.00	Ten	do. \$7.00
Thirty	do. \$18.00	Seven	do. \$5.00
Twenty-Four	do. \$15.00	Four	do. \$3.00

To those who send us \$5.00, we will give the 18th Volume, (gratis) and for \$7.00, their choice of either the 18th or 19th Volumes; for \$10.00, the 18th and 19th Volumes; for \$13.00, their choice of two out of the 18th, 19th and 20th Volumes; and for \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, \$22.00, and \$25.00, the whole three Volumes.

Names of subscribers with the amount of Subscription, to be sent as soon as possible to the publisher,

WILLIAM B. STODDARD.

Hudson, Columbia Co. N. Y. 1844.